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THE SCOUT WAS IN A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHEMES OF CLEMENT MURDOCK.

The stranger turned in no little surprise at being accosted by the young man.

"Did you speak to me, stranger?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Murdock; "I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you if it is agreeable."

The stranger shot a rapid glance at the face of the young man, but he saw nothing therein to alarm him.

"Certainly," he replied, after thinking for a moment.

"This is my shanty," said Murdock, referring to the log-house, before whose door they stood. "Come in; we can talk inside without being overheard."

There was a strange expression upon the face of the other. He cast a rapid glance around him, and laid his hand upon the handle of the hunting-knife at his girdle as if he had a mind to stab the young man—who was fumbling with the rude fastenings of the door—and then make a bold break for freedom and the woods. But the momentary glance around convinced him—that is, if he had such an idea—that to carry it out would be hopeless, for a dozen or more of the settlers were between him and the forest. So, with a muttered curse upon his ill-luck, he followed Murdock into the cabin.

Murdock produced a flask of whisky and a couple of tin cups, and motioning his rather unwilling guest to draw near the table, he pledged him with the fragrant corn-juice.

The stranger tossed off the fiery liquor with a moody brow. He suspected that he was in a trap, and he felt far from being easy.

"Do you know that your face is strangely familiar to me?" asked Murdock, with a meaning smile.

"Indeed! that is strange," responded the other, half inclined to spring upon the young man, for he felt a strong apprehension that his disguise was penetrated.

"I think we have met before," said Murdock, with another look full of meaning.

"I don't remember ever meeting you," replied the stranger, who now almost repented that he hadn't made a bold dash for freedom when at the door.

"I feel sure that we have met," said Murdock. "How may I call your name?"

"James Benton," replied the other.

"From Virginia?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have never met a Mr. Benton," said Murdock.

"I was sure that you were in error when you said that you knew me," said the stranger, with an air of relief.

"Not as Benton, but under another name, I have met you."

"Ah!" The hand of the stranger sought the handle of his knife. The movement was not unnoticed by the keen eye of Murdock.

"Don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm," he said, quickly. "If I had wished to denounce you, there wouldn't have been any need of bringing you into my house. All that would be necessary would be to speak

your name in the middle of this station. Why, the very sticks themselves that form the stockade would rise out of the ground to seize you, to say nothing of the men."

"For whom do you take me?" asked the stranger, in a hoarse voice.

"For the man for whose body, dead or alive, the settlers on the border would give more than they would for any other man that walks the earth, be his skin white or red," replied Murdock.

The stranger glanced at him with sullen eyes.

"Be assured, however," continued the young man, "that I mean you no harm. On the contrary, I need your aid and I'm willing to pay you well for it. Come, is it a bargain?"

"You know my name?" said the stranger, slowly, without replying to the question.

"Yes, you are—" and Murdock, bending over, whispered a name in the ear of the stranger. "Am I not right?" he asked.

"Yes," said the stranger, sullenly. "But I can not understand how you penetrated my disguise."

"Particularly when it deceived Boone and a half a score more of your deadly foes, who would be almost willing to give ten years of their lives to draw a bead on you at fair rifle range."

"That is possible," replied the other, "but the bullet is not yet run that will take my life."

"If I were to call out your name from that door, a long rope and a short shrift would save the bullet the trouble," said Murdock.

The stranger winced at the words.

"Don't be alarmed, I don't mean to betray you," continued Murdock. "It was an astonishing thing that I alone should penetrate your disguise and guess who you were. I never saw you but once before, either, and that was years ago. But now to business. As I said before, I need your aid, and I am willing to pay you well for it."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"There's a girl in the settlement that has rejected my advances. I don't care so much for her, but she's the heiress to a large fortune. Now, if the girl marries me, of course I get the fortune, or if she dies, I get the fortune, for I am the next heir. Now, I don't want to take the life of the girl if I can help it. I had much rather marry her, but, unfortunately, she has taken a fancy to some one else and won't listen to my suit. Now, my plan is to carry the girl off. I know a lonely cabin, now deserted, some ten miles from the station on the other bank of the Kanawha. I want the girl carried there, and the impression given to her that she is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. Then I'll pretend to follow on the trail—gain access to the cabin; offer to assist her to escape, if in reward she'll marry me. Of course she will feel grateful for the risk I run for her sake and consent. Then I'll escape with her, take her back to the settlement, and the thing is done."

"But, suppose she refuses to marry you?"

"Then she won't escape from the hands of the red-skins, but they'll kill her," said Murdock, coolly.

"And in that case, you'll come in for the property!"

"Exactly." "The plan ought to work," said Benton, thoughtfully.

"I don't see how it can fail. I want your assistance, and I've got a fellow in the station that will help me. You two will be enough to play Indian. It won't be much trouble and very little risk, and I'll pay well for it."

"When do you want it done?" asked the stranger.

"The sooner the better," replied Murdock.

"I suppose that will suit you."

"Yes, for I'll soon have other fish to fry along the border," said the other, and a demon light gleamed from his eyes.

"Do you expect to drive the whites from the Ohio?" asked Murdock.

"No, but I'll raise such a blaze along the river, and strike such a blow that it shall be felt, even to Virginia!" cried the other in a tone of fierce menace.

"It will be a bloody time," said Murdock, thoughtfully.

"Yes, blood will run like water," replied the stranger. "But, what is the name of the girl that is to be carried off?"

"Virginia Treveling."

The stranger started as though he had trodden upon a snake.

"What, the daughter of General Treveling?" he cried.

"Yes," replied Murdock, wondering at the look of fierce delight that swept over the face of the other.

"Hell's fires!" cried the other in triumph.

"I'll do the job for you. I owe the father a bitter grudge. I struck him one blow, some twelve years ago, just after he wronged me. I doubt if he's forgotten or forgiven it to this day. It's about time for me to strike him another."

"Why, how did General Treveling ever wrong you?" asked Murdock, in wonder.

"I was a scout under him in Dunmore's campaign. One day he told me openly, and before a dozen others, that I lied. I gave the lie back in his teeth, for I never took insult from mortal man. Then he struck me. I didn't think even for a moment that he was my superior officer; all that I knew was that I was struck—degraded by a blow. I measured him with my eye and felled him to my feet with a single stroke. Then I was seized—tried by a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to be publicly whipped in presence of the whole army, and I was whipped, too. As the lashes fell upon my naked back, and cut long quivering lines in the yielding flesh, with every lash I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Then, my punishment done—whipped, degraded slave, a man no longer—they untied me. I sunk down at their feet almost helpless. They raised me up; I was covered with my own gore. This General Treveling—then only a colonel—looked on me, his victim, with a scornful smile—ten thousand curses on him! I was maddened with rage. I shook my fist defiantly in his face, and before all I said: 'Your quarters shall swim in blood for this!' I kept my word. I have shed white blood enough along the Ohio for me to swim in. My vengeance, too, against this man was fearful. I stole his eldest child—left it to die, in the forest. I tore his heart as his

lashes had torn my back. And now, I strike him a second time."

Murdock gazed at the rage-inflamed countenance of the dark-skinned man with a feeling akin to awe.

"It is a bargain then, between us?" the young man said.

"Yes; to get another chance at him, I'd go through the fires of hell!" the other replied.

And so the compact was made.

moon, too, rising, cast its silver sheen over the forest.

Then again, suddenly, the voices of the night sunk into silence, for forth from the hollow of the oak, that the three daring scouts had selected for their rendezvous, came the dark figure that but a few minutes before with stealthy step had stolen beneath the leafy branches. It was evident that the secret of the hollow tree was known to another than the scouts.

Cautiously through the forest stole the dark form. The tree-toad hushed its cries; the cricket noiselessly crept to its hole; the owl peered forth from its cavity in the tree-trunk, and then, with its great eyes shining with fear, shrunk back within the darkness of its lair, when it caught sight of the dark form that so silently glided amid the trees.

On went the dark form through the forest. All living things seemed to shrink from it in horror.

The moonbeams slanting down and tingling the green of the forest top with rays of silvery light, fell upon the figure as it glided through a little opening in the woods.

The moonbeams defined the figure of a huge, gray wolf, who walked erect like a man, and who had the face of a human. The dark form held in its paw an Indian tomahawk.

The moonbeams gleaming upon the Wolf Demon, the terrible scourge of the Shawnee tribe.

On through the forest went the hideous form, almost following in the footsteps of the scout, Kenton, who had little idea of the terrible creature that lurked behind him.

Boone had selected the bank of the river as his pathway to the village of the Indians.

Carefully the ranger proceeded onward.

As he approached near to the Shawnee village, he could hear the sound of the Indian drums and the war-cries of the warriors.

From the sounds Boone easily guessed that the Indians were preparing for the war-path.

Boone reached the edge of the timber. Before him lay the village of his deadly foes.

A huge fire was burning before the council-lodge in the center of the village, and the warriors were dancing around it.

"Look at the red devils!" muttered Boone, who from the convenient shelter afforded by a fallen tree, just on the edge of the timber, could easily watch the scene before him. "They're pantin' to rend their knives in the blood of the whites."

Then the scout counted the Indians, who were dancing around the fire, and the others who were either watching the scalp-dance, or lounging leisurely around the village. The number of the red-men astonished the borderer.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered, "that's a tarnation heap of them. I judge that they'll take the war-path soon."

Then a squaw, with a gourd in her hand, evidently going to the river for water, left the village and came directly toward the spot where Boone was concealed.

The alarm of the hunter was great.

"Dad rot the luck!" he muttered, in disgust. "why on earth don't she go straight to the drink, cuss her! She'll come plumb down on me if she keeps on, or then she'll raise the village with her squalls."

The squaw, who was quite a young girl, and very handsome, came directly on toward the ambush of the spy.

"Hyer's the spot," said Lark, pointing to the tree.

"Whar' we're nigh it, too?"

Then Lark piloted the way through the forest—the three had been standing by the bank of the Scioto—and at last halted by a huge oak tree, at the base of which grew a tangled mass of bushes.

"I know jist the place for us," said Lark.

"We're nigh it, too."

Then Lark parted the tangled bushes with his hand. Boone and Kenton saw that the trunk of the oak was hollow. It contained a cavity, fully large enough to afford a secure refuge to the three, and the bushes closing behind them after they had entered the hollow oak completely concealed them from sight.

"This hyer is an old hidin'-place o' mine," said Lark, as they stood within the hollow. "I discovered it one day when I shot a b'ar nigh hyer. The b'ar made for this bit of bush. He had his den in this very tree. I foller'd him up an' that's the way I discovered it."

The shade of night was now fast descending upon the earth, and darkness was vailing in the forest and river with its inky mantle.

"Now we'll scout into the village," said Boone: "we'll meet hyer ag'in in the morning—that is, if the savages don't capture us."

"Agreed," responded the two others, and then all three left the hollow oak.

With a silent pressure of the hand they separated, each one picking out a path for himself, but all tending in the direction of the village of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The three hunters had been gone some ten minutes, when a dark form stood by the oak.

He plunged his eyes carefully into the darkness that surrounded him, as if fearful of being watched.

At last, apparently satisfied that no human eye looked upon his movements, carefully and cautiously he separated the bushes in front of the oak, and entered the hollow space within the tree. The bushes closed with scarce a rustle behind him.

The insects of the night who had been disturbed and awoke to silence by the tread of the light foot, that prowled so cautiously along the dim aisles of the forest, began again their nocturnal cries.

The tree-toads cried, and the crickets chirruped. The air seemed full of life. The owl—the minion of the night—came forth from his perch in the tree-trunk. The young

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CHAPTER IX.

LOVE AND HATE.

HARVEY WINTHROP had been the guest of the old General some three days, and during those three days, he had discovered that he loved the fair girl, Virginia, whose life he had saved, and he had reason to believe from her manner toward him that she was not indifferent to that love.

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Our hero determined to learn the truth. He was not one of those who believed that it needed years to foster and ripen love. Within his heart he felt that he loved Virginia with a pure and holy passion. He was sure that he could not have loved her any better if he had known her all his life.

Virginia guessed that she was loved by the young man—what girl does not guess when she is loved? and, perhaps, willing to give him a chance to declare that love, she suggested an excursion to the ravine where she had been rescued from the bear by him.

Gladly Winthrop announced his willingness to accompany her.

So the two set out for the ravine.

They passed down through the station and took the trail leading up the Kanawha.

As they walked onward, chatting gayly together, they had no suspicion that they were closely followed by three men, who, holding a consultation together on the edge of the timber, had noticed them as they passed.

Leaving the trail, the girl and the young man walked into the ravine.

The three men who had followed them so closely, paused at the entrance to the gorge apparently to consult together.

"The fellow is her lover, as I guessed," said the foremost of the three, the one who had been the most eager to follow the two.

"It looks like it," said the taller of the two others, who was the dark-skinned stranger, who had called himself Benton. The third one of the party was a worthless fellow who hung about the station, ready to drink "corn-juice" when he could get it, and fit for but little else. He was known as Bob Tieron.

"I'd git him a load of buckshot if he came after my gal!" said Bob, who was somewhat given to boasting.

"Perhaps I may," replied Murdock, who was the leader of the party. He spoke with an angry voice, and a lowering cloud was upon his sallow face.

"If the young fellow was out of the way, this would be a good opportunity to try the Indian's game," said Benton, suggestively.

"Ef it was me, I'd put him out of the way, mighty doggoned quick!" exclaimed Bob, who seldom lost an opportunity of telling what he would do.

"For the first time in your life, Bob, you've said a wise thing," said Murdock.

"Fur the fust time!" cried Bob, in indignation. "Wal, I reckon now, I don't take a back seat to any man in the station."

"In drinking whisky? No, you don't, do you justice?" said Murdock, sarcastically. "But, Benton, can you fix up for the Indian now?"

"Yes, easily enough," replied the one addressed. "I've got the pigment to paint our faces with in my pouch. Just lend me your hunting-shirt, and take my coat."

"How about your hair?"

"Tie a handkerchief over it, nigger fashion," suggested Bob.

"Yes, that will do," said Murdock. "The girl will be so frightened that she won't be apt to notice you much. Tie a handkerchief over her eyes the moment you grab her."

"And the young feller?" asked Bob.

"Leave him to me," and Murdock tapped the butt of his rifle significantly.

"And you'll leave him to the wolves, eh?" said Bob, with a grin.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Murdock, dryly.

"But the report of the rifle—if it should be heard at the station—"

"A hunter after game, that's all," said Murdock. "But come, let's tree our game; I have an idea that there'll be a love-scene between the two up the ravine, and I'd like to be a looker-on." Murdock ground his teeth together at the very thought.

So, cautiously and slowly, the three left the little trail by the banks of the Kanawha, and followed in the footsteps of Virginia and Winthrop up the ravine.

The girl and the young man reached the spot where the encounter with the bear had taken place, and there they halted.

The quick eye of the girl caught sight of the drops of blood dried upon the rock, where the bear had fallen and died.

"See," she said, pointing to the spots upon the rock; "but for you, my blood would have stained the stone instead of the brute's."

"And but for that strange girl who came so aptly to my rescue, my blood might have been there, too," said Winthrop.

"It was a moment of terrible peril," and Virginia half-shuddered at the bare remembrance.

"Yes; but it was evidently not your fate to die by the claws and teeth of the bear."

"What will my fate be?" said the girl, reflectively.

"A bright and happy one, I hope," replied Winthrop. "I am sure that you deserve none other."

"Ah!" said the girl; "but we do not always get our deservings in this world." And as she spoke, she sat down upon a rock that crooked out of the ground and looked up into the face of the young man with her clear, bright eyes. In his heart, Winthrop thought that he had never seen such clear, innocent eyes before.

"You should get yours," replied Winthrop, "or else there isn't any justice in this world."

"I hope so," said Virginia, half-sadly. "How beautiful the forest is!" said the young man, glancing around him; but in his heart, he thought the fair girl, at his side was far more beautiful than any of her surroundings.

"How do you like our home by the banks of the Ohio?" asked Virginia.

"So well, that I think that the rest of my life will be spent in yonder settlement," replied Winthrop, quickly.

"Oh, I am so glad of that!" The tone of the girl showed that the words came directly from her heart. A warm flush came over the face of the young man as the words fell upon his ears.

"I am glad to hear you say that!" The earnest tone of Winthrop told the girl that her suspicion was truth. She was loved.

"You are?" murmured Virginia, in a low tone. She felt that the words that she wished to hear—for she loved the man that had risked his life for her so nobly—would soon be spoken.

"Yes, I am; can you guess why?" The voice of Winthrop trembled as he spoke.

Virginia glanced up shyly in the face of the young man, then dropped her eyes to earth again. She did not answer.

Encouraged by her silence, Winthrop spoke:

"Virginia, I have known you but a few days, but I feel as if I had known you all my life. I have never met any one in the world that I have liked as I do you—that I love as I do you; for, Virginia, I love you with my whole heart."

Virginia hung her head; her glances shrewdly swept the ground. She did not reply.

"You are not offended at my words, Virginia?" he said, earnestly.

"No—no," she replied, slowly, looking up in his face with a half-smile.

Winthrop guessed the truth in the soft eyes that looked so lovingly into his own.

"Virginia, may I hope that some day you will learn to love me?" Winthrop asked, with eager hope patent in his voice.

Virginia Treveling was a truthful woman, and so she answered truthfully:

"No, not learn to love you, Harvey,

A moment more, and the head of the fair young girl was pillowed on the many bosom of her lover.

Oh! the flood of joy that came over the soul of the young man, when he discovered that the love that he wished so to gain was all his own. That the heart now beating so fondly against his breast was devoted to him, and to him alone.

"Virginia, you do love me, then?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured, softly.

"You will be my wife?"

"Yes."

"You will be mine, then, forever and forever?"

The young man gently raised the little head that nestled so snugly on his breast. Virginia understood the movement, and anticipated the wish of her lover. With a shy smile upon her face, and a coy look in her dark-brown eyes, she gave her lips up to her lover's caress.

The lips of the lovers met in a long, lingering kiss—the first proof of love, so dear to all hearts. Lip to lip, and soul to soul.

Virginia Treveling gave herself to Harvey Winthrop.

A moment only the lovers remained in each other's arms.

Then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the summer air.

With a groan of anguish, Winthrop reeled from the fond embrace of the young girl. He clutched wildly at the air, and then fell heavily on his side upon the rocky surface.

With a shriek of terror, Virginia knelt by the side of her lover.

The shriek of the young girl was answered by the shrill war-whoop of the Indian.

Forth from their covert in the thicket sprang two painted braves, and rushed with eager haste toward the young girl.

Virginia did not try to fly. Her senses were chilled to numbness by the fall of the man who but the moment before had pressed the warm love-kiss upon her willing lips.

Eagerly the two that came from the thicket seized the girl. With a moan of anguish, she fell fainting into their arms.

The bird was in the net.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

The Heart of Fire:

MOTHER VS. DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXII.

A MIRACULOUS APPEARANCE.

LURIE sat in her richly-furnished chamber. All the comforts that money could purchase or taste devise surrounded her. She had reached the goal of her ambition, and yet she was far from being happy.

One thing she lacked and that was peace of mind.

"You should get yours," replied Winthrop, "or else there isn't any justice in this world."

that wish would give me back again to poverty and want. I have now all that money can procure, but I want something more. I crave the love of Edmund Kelford. I am sure he likes me. I am sure that I can make him love me if I tell him my powers upon him. But I am this old man's wife. Oh! if I were but free!

Deep and earnest came the wish from her lips.

"Let me not despair. If I can but make Edmund love me, I am sure that I can find some way to escape from the bonds that bind me to Captain Middough. But, Kelford is in love with this young girl, Pearl. He must forget her. She herself aids my plan by repulsing him. It is strange what an impression her eyes made upon me. When I looked into her face I saw the eyes of my mother, saw them as clearly as if that mother had stood before me. If I can not win my idol while this girl is in the way, she must be removed. When she is gone he will forget her. Absence conquers love, they say; but, sometimes, the truth is, that it strengthens it. But that is the pure, the holy love that I can not feel. The passion that fills my breast comes from a heart of fire. It is so fierce that in time it destroys itself. Oh, how my heart rejoiced when I read the news that told me that Bertrand Tasnor was dead. He alone in all this world I feared, and now he sleeps peacefully beneath the dark waters. His cold, cruel nature will no more work me harm. It was a strange chance that brought him in contact with me after we had been separated so many years. Now I breathe freely."

A knock sounded on the door; then, in obedience to Lurie's words, a servant entered.

"A gentlemen wishes to see you, Mrs. Middough," said the servant.

"Who is it?" asked Lurie.

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Did he not give his name?"

"No, ma'am; I asked him for it, but he said that he was a stranger to you, and that you would not know it."

"And he wishes to see me?" asked Lurie, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am, on very particular business, so he said."

"There must be some mistake. It is probably Captain Middough that he wishes to see."

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the servant, quickly. "Because I asked him if he didn't wish to see Mr. Middough and he said no; that it was you he wished to see. He's a rather roughly-dressed man, and I thought it might be some one from the captain's boat."

A strange presentiment of danger filled Lurie's heart, as the words of the servant fell upon her ears. She could not guess what any roughly-dressed man should wish to see her for.

"Where is he?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"In the parlor, ma'am," the servant replied. "I told James to keep an eye on him and see that he didn't walk off with anything."

"I suppose I had better go and see who it is."

With many a strange fear in her heart—though why she should fear, she could not tell—Lurie descended the stairs.

She entered the brilliantly lighted parlor.

A man roughly-attired sat in a cushioned arm-chair with his back to her, gazing out of the window.

A single glance Lurie gave, and then the hard lines appeared at the corners of her eyes and mouth; the demon light sparkled in her eyes; the little white hands clenched together till the blood almost started from the quick of the nails.

In one glance she had recognized the stranger.

Hearing her footfall on the carpet—light and almost noiseless as it was—the stranger wheeled around in his chair and displayed the handsome face of Bertrand Tasnor.

"Living!" Lurie gasped, with a stony glance, as though she wished with her eyes to strike him dead. But, Bertrand Tasnor had seen those eyes before; he was not easily appalled.

With a quiet smile he looked upon the white face of the angry woman. The angel had vanished from the woman's features, and the tiger reigned therein. The eyes were flashing living fires.

"Am I alive?—I believe you intended the exclamation for a question—well, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am," he said, slowly, and with quiet sarcasm. "But, why should you suppose me dead?"

Lurie did not answer the question, but stood and looked upon Bertrand with the passionate eyes that could look so fierce and wild. Many a rough day's work and many a wild night's carouse have left their indelible marks upon my features. Once my face was as white as yours; now it is browned almost to the hue of the Indian. But the heart, Lurie, in my breast is still the same.

"But to return to my subject. The change I speak of is in my attire; look at it. What do I look like? A countryman from the backwoods? Yes, that's more like it. Lurie, I am in desperate circumstances; I want money."

"That is a very common want," the girl said, slowly.

"That is very true," replied Bertrand, cheerfully. "You have felt that want—

feared it very recently, too, or you never would have married this old man."

"How do you know?" demanded Lurie.

"Dah!" cried Bertrand, contemptuously; "do not try to deceive me; you will but waste your time, and gain nothing by it. I know you as well as you know yourself. You have not changed one particle in eighteen years. You are still the same fiery-hearted woman. I know that you can not love this old man. You have married him for his money. I do not blame you. Money is a very good thing to have in this world. One does not discover how really valuable it is until he feels the want of it. With money, one is a king; without it, a beggar. Now I am a beggar, but soon, with your help, I will be a king!"

"With my help!" cried Lurie, flaming up in her scintillant eyes.

"Yes, with your help," repeated Bertrand, tauntingly. "Your husband, the old lake-captain, is rich, Lurie. I must have some of his money."

"Never with my aid!" Lurie cried.

"I want about five thousand dollars."

"From me?"

"Yes."

"You are dreaming!"

"No, you are; but you will awaken soon," Bertrand said, coolly. "Sit down and listen to me. Let me tell you a story of eighteen years ago. How a man whose heart was of ice—loved a

am speaking truth. The girl, too; her nature was not one capable of feeling the pure and holy love that makes married life happy. The two were totally unsuited for each other. Their natures were too much alike for them ever to live together and be happy. It did not take them long to discover this. The wild dream of happiness soon came to an untimely end, and they faced stern reality.

Bertrand, besides, did not prosper in the world. He had attempted to practice his profession in Chicago, but briefs were few and far between for the unknown lawyer. And Lurlie, the wife, instead of standing with him, shoulder to shoulder, like the Highlanders of old, and battling like a true woman against the adverse fortune that was crushing them so heavily to the earth, unnerved the spirits of Bertrand by unceasing regrets and unavailing complainings.

"At last, Bertrand grew to curse the very hour when he had first looked upon the face of the beautiful girl whose heart had more of the devil in it than the human. He was not slow, either, to tell Lurlie his thoughts. The hot, passionate love changed into deadly hate.

"Then a child was born—a baby girl. Bertrand felt no pride in his child. It was only another weight hung about his shoulders. Hard fortune was making him desperate.

"Some six months after the child was born, a terrible quarrel took place between the husband and wife. Bertrand spoke his mind freely. He told the beautiful angel that she had the heart of a devil, and that he wished that he had never seen her. Maddened at his words, Lurlie struck at him with a knife. The keen-edged weapon laid open his breast, but 'twas a mere flesh-wound, and not dangerous. Angered beyond measure—all the evil in his nature roused to action—Bertrand, with the butt of his revolver, struck the woman to his feet. It was a heavy blow, given with all the force of his powerful arm. There at his feet lay the woman whom he had once loved so well; the being that he had sworn to love, cherish and protect. The blood was streaming freely from a fearful gash on her head. The golden hair was stained a darker hue with crimson gore. Believing that he had killed her, Bertrand fled. He left his child to the mercy of the world. This man's heart was of ice; he cared for no one but himself. You see I do not attempt to make an angel out of him."

"Years passed on. Bertrand, battling with the world, heard nothing of the wife and child that he had deserted. He concluded that both were dead. Seventeen years after these events, Bertrand found himself again in Chicago. He was a ruined, desperate man. The world had gone ill with him. Three times had he won a fortune, three times had he lost it. Nothing seemed to prosper with him in the end. A curse was apparently upon his life. Whenever the cup of fortune was raised to his lips, some powerful stroke dashed it down again to earth. He thought that it was a judgment for the death of the girl that he had once loved so madly. Judge of his surprise, then, when accident revealed to him that she was living.

"She is now rich. Can she fail to aid the man that she once loved so dearly? Of course not—particularly, as it is very probable, unless she finds some means to stop the tongue of Bertrand, that he will talk?"

"And what will he say?" asked Lurlie, an ominous light shining in the large blue eyes.

"What will he say?" repeated Bertrand, as if in astonishment. "What do you think he will be likely to say?"

"I do not know, nor do I care," said Lurlie, contemptuously.

"Oh, you do not!" and Bertrand laughed as he spoke; but there was a hidden menace in his laughter. "I'll tell you what he will say. He will tell the world that Mrs. Captain Middough, formerly Miss Lurlie Casper, is the wife of Bertrand Tasnor."

"And how will that hurt me?"

"Do you think that your husband, the old captain, will like it when he hears that the charming young flower that he picked up in the delightful locality known as Wells street, is a married woman, and that, instead of being a girl of eighteen, she is a woman of thirty-four?"

"He will not believe you!" Lurlie cried, impetuously.

"I can easily prove to him that I speak the truth."

"Even if he does believe you, the fact will not change his love for me."

"Perhaps not; but when I exert the rights that the law gives me, and take you from him, it will be apt to make you uncomfortable if it does not affect him," Bertrand said, coolly.

"Take me from him!" cried Lurlie.

"Yes, I am your husband, am I not? We have not been divorced, even though we are living in Chicago. You should have looked out for that, Lurlie. You should have cut free from me before you tied yourself to him. You are very much married, Lurlie, now, having two husbands."

"You can not prove our marriage!"

"Yes I can. The minister is in Chicago; I saw him the other day. How would you like to figure in a police-court on a charge of bigamy?"

Lurlie was puzzled. She had had an

idea that the lapse of years had annulled her first marriage, yet she was not sure.

"What do you demand of me?" she asked.

"What all the world wants—money."

"How much?"

"That depends upon circumstances. I suppose you wish all the secrets of the past to be kept still as secrets?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is difficult for me to fix upon a price for my silence. Of course I want all I can get. I have it! Allow me a yearly income; say, two thousand dollars per year. Divide it into monthly parts."

"How long will you give me to think over this?"

"Just five minutes," Bertrand answered, laconically.

"Then, without waiting for five minutes, I refuse," said Lurlie, rising, spiritedly.

Bertrand's brows contracted. He saw that he had overshot the mark.

"You refuse?" he said.

"Yes, if you force me to answer now. If you will give me time to think it over, and I find that I am fully in your power, I will give you what you ask."

For a moment Bertrand was silent. He knew full well that he had no very strong hold upon Lurlie, and he thought it better not to push her to the wall.

"Well, I will give you time; say until this time to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Yes," Lurlie answered, and a peculiar light shone in her eyes as she spoke. Bertrand's keen eyes noted the gleam. He guessed what was passing within her mind.

"She is thinking of some way to outwit me," he muttered to himself. "Thinking of some new blow to aim at me, but I bear a 'charmed life,' like Macbeth. I will put my wits against hers any day and will not fear for the result."

"Come to-morrow, at this same hour, and you shall have my answer," she said.

"Very well, be it so; but, Lurlie, I want some money now!"

"How much?"

"Oh, but a trifle; fifty dollars or so."

"I have forty here in my wallet; will that do?"

"Yes," he answered.

Lurlie took out her pocket-book and counted the bills into his hand.

As she did so, her fingers touched his; he seized the little hand and held it lightly, within his own broad palm.

"To think, Lurlie," he said, "that this little white hand could deal such fearful blows—that this soft palm could grasp a dagger and drive it to a man's heart! Do you know, Lurlie, that I bear on my breast to this day the scar caused by the wound that you gave me?"

"And if you will part the curls on my head you will find there the terrible scar where you struck me with your revolver," she said.

"Marks of affection from the husband to the wife," he cried, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BERTRAND MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"AND NOW I suppose our interview is ended, is it not?" demanded Lurlie.

"Yes, but there is one question more that I should like to ask. Our child, Lurlie, what ever became of it?"

"I do not know," said Lurlie, sadly.

"You do not know?" said Bertrand, in astonishment.

"No. I was forced to abandon it. You left me here in Chicago, without money, without friends. What could I do with a helpless infant?" she asked, bitterly.

"You might have taken it home to your father."

"Yes, and have every one believe that it was the child of shame. No, that I could not bear. I found what I thought would be a home for my infant. In that home I left it. I said that I abandoned it, but I did not, for I intended some day to return and claim my child again."

"And why did you not?"

"I did, but I could find no trace of the woman in whose care I left my babe. She had left Chicago and taken my infant with her. You think that I am cold and heartless, Bertrand; perhaps I am; but, as there is a heaven above, I loved my child with all a mother's love. Many a night have I wept myself to sleep, thinking and mourning for my lost baby."

"And all clue to the child then is lost?"

Bertrand said, musingly.

"Yes," Lurlie answered, sadly.

"If she were lying she would now be a girl of sixteen."

"Yes, but I do not think that she is living. Something tells me that she is dead."

"What was the name of the woman with whom you left the child?" Bertrand asked.

"Cavendish; she was an English woman. Do you not remember? She had apartments right above the ones that we occupied."

"Oh, I do remember," said Bertrand, after a pause. "Do you know I have a strange curiosity to discover whether our child is living or dead?"

"Search is useless. If I urged onward by a mother's love, have failed, it is not likely that you will succeed."

"Perhaps not; yet I shall try. I should remember the face of the woman at once. I've a wonderful memory for faces, although a very bad one for names."

Bertrand rose to depart.

"To-morrow you will come again?" she asked.

"Yes, to receive your answer; to decide whether it is to be peace or war between us. If you are wise, Lurlie, you will not make a foe of me."

A scornful smile appeared around the corners of the girl's mouth as he spoke.

Bertrand passed from the room.

Leaving Lurlie to her reflections, which were far from being pleasant, we will follow Bertrand.

As he passed from the parlor into the entryway, he heard the rustle of a woman's dress.

"By Jove!" he cried to himself, "that sounds as if some one had been listening to our conversation. If the secret is in possession of any one else, it won't be worth much to me."

Then, from the darkness of the other end of the entry, a woman came toward him.

As she came into the glare of the gas-light, Bertrand could not repress a start.

The quick eye of the woman noticed the movement, and, with her fingers on her lips, motioned silence.

Bertrand was amazed. He had recognized an old acquaintance!

"Follow me," said the girl, cautiously.

Without a word, Bertrand followed.

The girl led the way into a small room at the end of the hall; then, after they had entered, she carefully closed the door.

"Now we can speak freely."

"Aimée, is it possible that it is you?" exclaimed Bertrand, in wonder.

"Yes," replied the waiting-maid, for it was Aimée who had appeared so mysteriously.

"What are you doing in this house?"

"I am Mrs. Middough's maid," said the girl, with mock humbleness.

"You are?"

"Yes. Quite a change isn't it from the time when my father kept the wine-store on the west side, and you used to come there—used to drink my father's wine and make love to my father's daughter?"

"What has caused such a change in your circumstances?"

"My father died suddenly. I was poor. I could not carry on his business. I was forced to do something or starve. I am happy now."

"And yet you are a servant."

"We are all servants in this world; if not to one another, then to something else. You are a servant now, Monsieur Bertrand, and poverty is a hard master," said the girl, meaningfully.

"Oh, you have overheard—"

"All that passed between you and my mistress, yes. I am very curious," said the girl, with a light laugh.

"Then you know the hold I have upon this woman?"

"Which isn't any hold at all, unless she is frightened into thinking that you have one."

"You're a shrewd girl, Aimée! you reason sagely." Bertrand knew full well that she spoke the truth.

"Yes, but suppose that I tell you something by which you may be able to bow her to your will?" said the girl, a wicked look in her dark eyes.

"You know something then that I do not?"

"Yes, something that no one else except myself does know."

"Concerning this woman who was once my wife?"

"Yes."

"And will you tell it to me?" asked Bertrand, eagerly.

"Yes, if you'll promise to give me a share of what you may be able to gain by the use of the knowledge that I am about to impart to you."

"I agree to that; it is a bargain," said Bertrand, quickly.

"Well, then, Mrs. Middough is in love with some one, and that some one is not her husband."

Bertrand's keen eyes sparkled at this news.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked.

"Yes, quite sure," answered the girl, confidently. "I am not blind. I can see well enough."

"And who is the man?"

"A gentleman, named Edmund Kelford; he lives only a few doors from here. This girl, or woman rather, loves him with her whole soul, and you can probably guess how she can love."

"And does he love her?"

"Not yet. I do not think that he even suspects that she cares anything for him. He is very much in love with a sewing-girl who works in a shop on Clark street."

"Does Lurlie know that she has a rival?"

"Yes; she questioned me until she found out all the particulars of the affair. Then, the other night, she took the trouble to go to Clark street to see the girl."

"By Jove!" cried Bertrand, suddenly. "I remember now, I saw her there, and you, I suppose, were the other female that was with her."

"Yes."

"I was puzzled at the time to account for her presence in such a locality and at such an hour. It was to see this girl, then, her rival, that she took all this trouble?"

"Yes."

For a few moments Bertrand remained silent, evidently in deep thought.

"I have it," he said, at length. "We must encourage this affair. Lurlie must be made to commit herself in some way,

then she will be utterly in our power. I have a curiosity to see this girl who can rival this beautiful tiger. Is she pretty?"

"I do not think so," replied the girl, with a shrug of her shoulders; "but, this Mr. Kelford declares that she is the loveliest woman in all the world."

A very natural thing for a lover to say; they all say it, even though the object of their adoration be as ugly as sin is supposed to be," Bertrand said, with a sneer

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A COACH AND FOUR!

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MAUD ARNOLD'S TRIAL, has greatly excited the TWO-HORSE WAGON WEEKLIES, whose jog-trot pace, with loose reins, have been their distinguishing characteristics. What with endeavors to imitate our style, and to "sell in" on the *ecclat* created by our superb contributions to Popular Literature, they make a great show of Display Type and High-Sounding Words; but, it will be long before they can offer their readers any thing to compare with what is simply characteristic of

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TO LEAD AND NOT BE LED!

We have the pleasure of announcing as among recent accessions to our already brilliant list of writers, the celebrated

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, (A. W. GRISWOLD), whose reputation as a humorist is second to that of no living American. Mr. Griswold will give us a series of those remarkable "Biographies" which already have become associated with his name. They will add to the delightful interest of our columns, and can not fail to render the SATURDAY JOURNAL a greater favorite than ever with all who love to laugh.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Careless sketches, DEFECTIVE'S REWARD and MERCHANT PRINCE AND THE NEWBORN. Will return sketch, VILLAGE BELLE, by same author.—Will use FATAL CIGAR and TWO CHRISTMAS.—Can make no use of WAIL FROM A BOARDING HOUSE, and return the same.—Can not find place for poem, STAMPS.—Will use poem, LAST WHITE ROSE.—Can use BACKBITING.—Can not use FRANK and L. M. S. returned.—Poem, FROST SPURT, hardly good enough for use. It has some good lines, but is marred by others that are weak and strained, and the rhythm is not all correct. The writer ought to study the power of poetic feet, and the qualities of each different kind of verse.—Poem, As in music you can not mix either time or signature, so in poetic composition you can not introduce false feet into the measure chosen without greatly marring its harmony.—P. P. can't write poetry, that is certain, but he evidently is a genius, nevertheless.—His RANDOM is a good dish of hash, but not just the thing for us to serve to our readers. We thank him for his good opinion, for, in truth, we think just as he does.—Miss E. E. J. we do not like her judgment in her letter, cannot make any success as a writer for the same.—Some may be said of the writer of MS. SCARED TO DEATH. The MS. is incorrect in expression, in grammar, in orthography and in punctuation.—Ditto, contributions by E. D. W. MSS. returned.—Ariadne is informed that we do not care to purchase songs.—Will use WHAT THE NOR-THERN DID, and the ENGLISHER'S GRIT.

G. D. Keokuk, Beadle & Co. publish no "Acting Dramas," but in their Dime Dialogues (Nos. 1-9), are numerous Minor Dramas which will produce well in the Parlor or in Exhibitions. Some of these little dramas, indeed, are exquisitely original and novel, giving fine opportunities for scenes, dress and exercise of dramatic talent. These admirable volumes (100 pages each), sell for the small sum of ten cents each.

BENJ. LANE, Louisville, asks if the Mr. Aiken lately playing in that city, is our author, Albert W. Aiken. He is one and the same—equally as popular as actor and author. His future on the American stage is full of promise.

MISS HENRI DAVID wishes to know what is style in ladies' boots. Some say round toes, some say square, some say box; some high heels, some "half high," etc. Really, Miss D., it is all a matter of feet. If you really wish to be in full pedal bloom, and have not yet ruined your feet by wearing the monstrous torments called "French boots," you can take the box toe, or a two-toe, one half inches high, buttoning up to the calf of the leg, and there topped with ornamental embroidery, gold or kid. This is "just the thing" for style. It may make you walk like a monkey on hot stones, but not out of that? It may make the young men snicker, and the old men mourn the folly of fashion's ways; but, what of all that? If you are willing to grow corns and bunions and to render yourself ridiculous with pantomime, water avalanche and Spanish heel, whose business is it?

"Who is the General Cluseret who is now making so much trouble as a revolutionist in Southern France? I see that he is pronounced an American officer," says a correspondent.

He is a French gentleman, and has been an officer of distinction in the old French Army.

He was one of the first and most celebrated commanders of the Zouaves, and now is principal of a school of officers and novices in military organization when serving in Algeria. He led this corps in the Crimean War, when it performed astonishing deeds of valor. He is a superb scholar, having written at the request of the French Academy an Arabic Dictionary. His crime was in detesting Napoleon's dynasty; he would not longer serve in the French army, and resigned. Coming to this country in 1861 he gave his services to the Federal Government, and was commissioned as Brigadier-General. He served with exceeding gallantry in the West Virginia campaign, which covered Shiloh's defeat. He wants of good speaking knowledge of English, and is especially under the control of officers who know so little of war as did most of our leaders only in the struggle, led him, eventually, to withdraw from the service. This is his war record. He is well known, however, in New York city, as a vigorous writer and journalist, but his extreme and radical political views rendered him impractical, and he never obtained the leading position which his eminent talents and numerous accomplishments fitted him for. Upon the first call for arms in France, by Napoleon, he still being here in New York, refused his cooperation, but, as soon as defeat came and out of it sprang the Republic, he hastened to France and was detailed to a command in Lyons. There his revolutionary instincts and fierce love of power by the people, led to his early suspension from command, and he is now in Marseilles—a recognized leader of the intense French Republic school—scoring many "arrangements" with Prussia, and clamorous for a republic like the United States, in which every Frenchman shall have voice.

BILLY B. DUTTON wants to know how he can learn to become a hunter? The best mode of ascertaining if you will like the profession is to provide yourself with a double-barrel shotgun and four dogs. Abandon all ideas of business or school, put on heavy top-boots and a great-coat of Irish wool, and you will soon look like a boor. Then start for the nearest swamp. Lie down in it by night and tramp it over by day, securing just one mud-hen and a muskrat. Then take to the woods and tarry there several days, scaring rabbit, owl and possum. Then go home with aough that will last you six months. Try this on, and then let us hear from you again.

ADONIS wants to know how to ask for a girl's hand to the opera, etc. Why, go right up to her like a man and say that you "will be happy to see her to the opera!"—to see her home, etc. A girl is just as amenable to the laws of politeness as a man. No form is essential in addressing her. Simply express your wishes politely, but not obsequiously. All sensible girls despise obsequiousness.

Foolscap Papers.

The Eccentric Man.

Alas, poor Orpheus Blavins! I remember him well, though he died more years ago than I care to tell. He was very odd and eccentric, and delighted to be doing what no one else could do by any possibility, although he had no paton on the way he did things, and the field was open to all.

He was the only man I ever saw that could jump over a horizontal pole forty feet long, or pick his teeth with a cart-wheel. Many a time have I seen him stand on the point of ceremony, with his elbows rolled up to his sleeves, and throw glances with a sling, clear out into the region of much space. He used to get up on his back and ride to market, crossing a river all day long and two hundred feet wide, on the bridge of his nose, returning by the last French rout, with his feet in his pocket and his head under his arm, whistling such a pontoon that the sea-side and the cornfield were all ears.

He was so tall that he completely overlooked a very large pile of debts, but he always paid his attention, settled his coffee, and liquidated his claims of friendship.

How often have I seen him with two well-made coats of paint on, and a fine mantel-piece around him; on his head a fine silk percussion cap, and a paper horse-collar around his neck going down the street on his muscle, recognizing everybody in his will on his way, and bowing to his fate.

He built himself a fine brick house, commencing at the top and building down, the foundation being up and the chimneys running into the ground. The floors were papered, and the ceilings nicely carpeted, and every thing went on smoothly, although every thing in the house was upside down, until one day he accidentally fell out of the cellar clear to the sidewalk, breaking several engagements and putting his pocketbook out of place severely.

He was so strong that he has frequently lifted himself out of difficulty, and raised himself above want and obscurity. He always blew his nose with a bellows, whetted his appetite on a grindstone, and wore out his welcome at the elbows.

He became editor, and started a paper of pins, and wrote leaders which were so plain they could be read at night, and children in arms and hands could understand them. He wrote cereal stories that took everywhere—and every thing; they even took landlum and photographs. He had correspondents in all the planets, who sent their news by the air-line. But the principal writing he did was writing checks—the paper paid—as long as it had money to pay, and the printers took the type-us ever ready.

I have often seen him sitting in a wheelbarrow, wheeling himself around town, or sitting in a buggy, driving a nail at the rate of 2.27, holding tight fish-lines.

He could turn a hand-spring or a hand-organ as easily as he could turn an honest organ or a fellow out of his house. This is "just the thing" for style. It may make you walk like a monkey on hot stones, but not out of that?

It may make the young men snicker, and the old men mourn the folly of fashion's ways; but, what of all that? If you are willing to grow corns and bunions and to render yourself ridiculous with pantomime, water avalanche and Spanish heel, whose business is it?

He was the only man in the world that ever melted his small silver change into dollar pieces and got rich at it.

He ate whatever agreed with him—that is, he ate his own agreements, and drank deeply of immortality. He always used general sickles in cutting his crops, but in cutting his acquaintances he used cold shoulder.

His watch stopped when he was thirty years old, so he never knew his age when

he died, though he had them to open his coffin while the last rites were going on to give some directions in regard to the disposal of his effects, which were somewhat affected by his disposal, and when they buried him and the tombstone was up he found fault with the epitaph and wouldn't pay the tombstone-maker a cent, but got a sledge-hammer and broke it all to pieces, and made a contract with another man, who made him one that gave such satisfaction that he said it was a pleasure to lie under it, and giving a written recommendation to his friends in favor of that marbleman, he shut up, leaving in my mind the belief that he was the most eccentric man that ever lived.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

CONUNDRUMS

I CAN NOT FIND ANSWERS TO.

Why does Mrs. Gabble say she hates scandal, and then come and retail all the gossip of the neighborhood to me? Does she think such conversation is agreeable to you?"

If you do grow faint and tired with a long walk, and stop to rest, why do people say you've been drinking, and that you will soon fill a drunkard's grave?

Supposing a certain young lady, whose initials are "E. L." happens to be sociable with one and all, why should Charley tell me he doesn't like flirting?

Why do people go to church all "Sabbath day," and then backbite their neighbors the rest of the week?

Why on earth do women seem so reticent in telling their ages? I am sure I'd just as lief anybody would know mine, and that is between one and a hundred. There now, why can't all women be as honest about it?

What makes a man come home from work, growling and snapping around like a terrier, and then, if his wife does complain of her hard lot, exclaim that he "doesn't see why he can't have as happy a home as his neighbor Smith?"

Why do our judges let off those people who are clothed with fine linen, with a slight fine, when they take what doesn't belong to them, and in the next breath consign a starving girl to the Island for six years for stealing a piece of bread?

Why do people continually complain of their hard lot, and say they are almost dead with fatigue, and yet they don't die for some years after?

Why is it that others of the same class cry, "I am ready to die, I'm so tired," and in their next breath will out with one big oath? I can't think they really are ready to die.

Why do the fellows swear they are ready to die for love of some young girl, and would undergo any sacrifice to obtain the same, and then, if you ask them to give up smoking or drinking, or cut off their whiskers, they won't do it?

What causes persons to take every quack doctor's stuff, and then complain that they are ill more than half their time?

Why do young ladies go about in wet weather in paper shoes, and then wonder that they fast go into a consumption?

Can you explain to me the reason, why certain persons who can not get their husbands to buy them new dresses every day of their lives, tell you they haven't got a rag of clothing fit to be seen in?

Can you tell me why my washerwoman, who only earns three dollars a week, puts a quarter of a dollar in the contribution-box every Sunday, while one of the "quality ladies" who employ her, invariably leaves her purse at home? By mistake, of course!

Wherefore do some of our clergymen rave about our giving too much attention to "what we shall eat," and they are scarcely willing to give us a moment's time after service, as they are too anxious to get home to their beefsteak and onions, which they don't wish to eat cold?

What makes men act so inconsistently in blowing up the women-folks on washing day, and then getting mad like all possessed—if that's swearing, excuse me—if the garments don't look as white as the driven snow?

How, in patience' name, can you expect your young ones to be well, when you stuff them full of sweets and other monstrosities, and then convert them into a patent churn by jumping them up and down on your knee?

When a lover is told of the accomplishments of his adored, don't you suppose he had rather be told that she was a neat sewer, a good cook, and always had an unruled temper, rather than that she sung like a Nilsson, or danced like a Morlacchi?

—all well enough for the stage or concert-room, but scarcely the things to commence housekeeping upon.

Why is it such an awful crime for a poor man to wear a threadbare coat, and nothing thought of it if a rich man has the eccentricity to do the same?

EVE LAWLESS.

BACKBITING.

WEBSTER defines it as "slander one when absent," and tells us that slander is a "false report maliciously uttered, tending to injure the reputation of another."

Now, Webster is authority, but I affirm that one person may backbite another without uttering a word; and that, to slander another, one is not necessarily obliged to circulate a "false report."

There are more ways than one of doing a thing. Mr. Sly, when Miss Talk initiates in his presence that "they do say Smith gets intoxicated," does not utter a word. He merely looks at Miss Talk mysteriously, and smiles a smile that she understands to mean "I could tell something if I chose," and when Miss T., in a fever of delight and curiosity, begs to know if he knows any thing about it, as she is sure he does, Mr. Sly shakes his head gravely, and looks mysteriously at the ceiling with a Sphinx-like expression that convinces Miss T., and the remainder of the company, that he really could divulge something important if he chose. And old Mrs. Goodrich sorrowfully concludes that young Smith is dissipated, much as she dislikes to believe it, and the rest of the company think so, too; and from that hour young Smith's disreputation is established, and though he does not touch intoxicating liquors, no one will believe in his freedom from that vice.

Meantime, Mr. Sly is considered a most exemplary man. "He is so careful to speak ill of any one" But I say Mr. Sly is a backbiter and a slanderer, and the more despicable because he will not speak out.

Then there is Mrs. Cautious. If any one interrogates her concerning the shortcomings of a party, she looks solemn, and says, with a virtuous air, that "she never talks about her neighbors." Nevertheless, she listens to the gossip of others, and is remarkably careful to not say anything in anybody's favor. Truly, she never does "talk about her neighbors," either illy or well!

Why is it that people so dearly love to discuss the faults of others? They find no pleasure in talking of their goodness and extolling their virtues; but a fault!

ah, that is a rare tid-bit, to be shared with everybody; it being an established fact that the greater the number of persons who partake of it, the larger it grows.

Then there is another way of backbiting without "maliciously uttering a false report." This is done by simply repeating the remarks of others. Miss Jones, a lively, light-hearted girl, says, jestingly, that she "despises poor people, and wouldn't marry a poor man for the world." She intends to marry a rich man.

Mrs. Smith overhears the remark, and at the next meeting of the Sewing Circle, repeats it, word for word as it was uttered, but though true in the letter, it is not in the spirit, for she repeats it in a way that leads her hearers to believe that Miss Jones was in sober earnest when she made the remark. Thereafter that lady is considered mercenary and heartless. Is Miss Smith any less a backbiter because she did not "utter a false report?"

But all other slanders sink into insignificance, compared with the backbiting physician. He is a cowardly dastard, to whom no words can do justice. He has attended Mrs. Brown for six months, during which time she gets no better. Her case baffles him, but this he will not admit. Perhaps he does not say that there is nothing but laziness ails her, or that she is "notional," but if he insinuates that such is the case, how much credit does he deserve for not saying it? Has the invalid not enough to bear, that he should add to her trials by leading silly people to believe there is nothing the

Three weeks after, Harvey Burton stood beside the grass-grown grave of Mrs. Shackelford, hid away among the hills of Scotland. The innkeeper was dead, but gaining all the information he could regarding the band of gypsies, he started upon his search.

Over Scotland, through England, across to France, and into Germany, he traced the wandering gypsies, and then was at a loss to find whither they had gone; but after weeks of delay, he again was on their track, and followed them into Spain, and one evening, four months after his departure from America, he rode into their camp.

He was met by the old gray-haired chief, Adrian, and after telling him the object of his search and placing a purse of gold in his hand, he was told that old Estha had indeed deceived Mr. Shackelford, and up to her eleventh year, the little Daisy—she had been named by himself—had grown up in the gypsy camp. Then old Estha had sold her to an Englishman of great wealth, who had seen her and offered to adopt her. With many tears Daisy had left the friends of her childhood and gone with the Englishman. Adrian could not tell the name of the gentleman, but described his looks, the crest upon his marriage, and the livery of his servants, and that his name began with "S."

With these items to guide him, Harvey at once started for London, and upon his arrival there made diligent inquiry, which resulted in his discovering that Lord Randolph Sommers had passed most of his time on the Continent; that his crest, the livery of his servants, and the letter of his name agreed with Adrian's account, so he determined to see that gentleman and find out if he looked like the description given of the Englishman who had adopted Daisy. Going with a friend to the club which he heard Lord Sommers frequented, he saw a gentleman there who answered Adrian's description, and asked, casually:

"Who is that gentleman there?"
The handsome man with black eyes and long beard?" asked his friend.

"Yes."
"Why is Lord Randolph Sommers, one of the noblest men in England?"

"Has he any family?" queried Harvey.

"Yes, a lovely wife and daughter, who is an heiress, by the way."

"Thank you. Will you introduce me to Lord Sommers?"

"With pleasure," and a few moments after, Harvey Burton shook hands with the man, whom he knew he must in a short while pain, for he felt that his search was ended.

Lord Sommers invited Harvey to dine with him the following day, and then in the quietude of his library, he learned why his guest was in England. It gave him a pang to know it, but he was too just a man not to at once offer to relinquish his claim upon Daisy.

With a sorrowful heart, Lord Sommers called Lady Sommers into the room, and told her all. Then came the saddest part, to make known to Daisy the change in her destiny. She well knew that she was only an adopted child, but she had learned to love Lord and Lady Sommers as if they were her own parents, and she also knew that she was not a gipsy by birth but had been stolen in infancy. Though greatly distressed at the thought of giving up her adopted parents, Daisy was glad that she would at last meet her own father, and with the permission of all, Harvey sat down to write to Mr. Shackelford and tell him of his success. His letter was accompanied by others from Daisy and Lord and Lady Sommers, all urging him to come at once to England.

In five weeks' time Mr. Shackelford was with his new-found daughter, and a happy party gathered around the dinner-table at Sommers' Hall the day of his arrival. Five weeks of constant intercourse between Daisy and Harvey—for the latter had been urged to stay at Sommers' Hall—had made sad havoc with the hearts of the young couple, and Mr. Shackelford discovered that he had found his daughter to lose her again, for she was Harvey's promised wife. He gave her away gracefully, however, saying:

"You have proved a good detective, Harvey, so Daisy is your reward. She sprung up in the shade of a gipsy camp, was nurtured in England, and is now to be transplanted to be ours in far-off America."

Genevieve's Wish.

BY JULIA SOUTHERN.

She stood by her mirror, gazing earnestly at the reflection that was looking back at her with such sad, shadowy brown eyes; and this is the picture Genevieve De Boise saw.

A petite figure, not fashioned after the Venus De Medicis, yet not altogether ugly, although the shoulders were a little sharp, and the throat not so exquisitely rounded as it had been six months before, when Aubrey Phillips loved—but, that is telling her story prematurely.

A dark, pale face, with not a vestige of relieving color; those burning eyes that were too brilliant for the thin, plain face, and that, since her illness, always wore a half-frightened, half-beseeching look in their dark, well-like depths.

Genevieve's lips quivered, despite her effort to control herself.

"Yes, I am honest; and there's no use denying it. Not that I care for myself, but for him—him!" Oh, Aubrey, something tells me I have lost my love in this terrible battle I've fought with life and death!" So you see there was not much selfishness in little Genevieve's heart.

With a weary step, she turned away, her rustling silk skirts trailing after her over the velvet carpet, and sat herself down among the pink velvet cushions of the easy-chair by the window, looking listlessly out over the autumnal glories of meadow and woodland.

"What do I care if it is all mine, as far as I can see? Of what use is all this wealth, when I can not restore the beauty I once possessed, even when that beauty I only want best Aubrey Phillips should turn from me?"

Away down the oak-shaded avenue, she caught the glimpse of a man coming up to the house, whose open portals were mutely inviting him to come.

Aubrey Phillips it was, the lover she had not seen for weeks and weeks; who had praised her rare, delicate beauty when he bade her adieu, that warm night in early May; and now it was November, and she was so changed!

Was he coming to give her up?—no, hardy that, for he was too courteous to do that,

with all his high-bred ideas of gallantry; but perhaps he was coming to be given up!

Genevieve twirled the heavy golden hoop in her finger, in a state of suspense that was worse than the worst news that could have come to her, and then she remembered how the nurse told her that, during all her long, raging delirium, she had clung with strange fanaticalness to her ring, never permitting it to be removed when her other jewels were taken without a demur.

All these thoughts were running riot through her brain as she watched her lover, with spell-bound eyes. He was not hastening to her, but walking as he always walked, with an air of leisurely grace that sat well upon his blonde beauty.

As he stepped upon the veranda, she was powerless to meet him; he entered the parlor, and came to her side, with his handsome blue eyes searching her face, while her own, shadow-haunted and beseeching were reading him.

"Genevieve, my poor little darling!" He laid his hand tenderly on her short, brown hair; it was enough; the suspense was over; he loved her!

"I was so afraid, Aubrey! I am so lonely, so repulsive; but, oh, my Aubrey, my heart is the same it ever was."

She laid her wan little hand on his sun-bright hair.

"Did you think I would prove false to you, little Jennie, because your looks have flown?"

She smiled up in his face, the handsome face that had become so unspeakably dear to her.

"And to-day, darling, I have come to ask you to re-appoint our wedding-day. We thought to have been married by this time, didn't we?"

So they talked and arranged for their wedding, while little Genevieve discovered the world was fairer than ever before.

Lindenside, Genevieve's palatial home, had been thrown open for the holiday guests, who yearly gathered there. Aubrey Phillips, his brother Albert, several young professional and literary stars from the city added their company to the score of young ladies who claimed rich Miss De Boise as a particular friend.

It was during the holidays, that Genevieve was suddenly awakened as from a dream. This is the way it happened. It had been a bright winter's day, cold

noon, and he would turn out and take a walk at it. Here's the case, Mr. Randolph; I think you'll own it's a beauty."

Duncan stood aside while the two examined the box.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," was the comment of the young gentleman. "I had no idea such work could be done in this country," and he coolly scrutinized the workman, through his eye-glass, as if he was as legitimate an object of curiosity as his dressing-case.

"Duncan learned his trade in France," said Mr. Smith.

"Aw!" politely responded the Southerner, for something in the steady eye of the "mud-sill" had caused him to drop his glass; "that accounts for it. But you don't mean to say," quite respectfully to Duncan, "that you painted this little gem of a picture on the cover?"

"I painted it. It is from a sketch which I made, last fall, while I was on a little trip up the Hudson."

"Aw! is it possible? You may not know it, but I assure you, you are a genius. You ought to leave cabinet-work and take to landscape-painting. I'd give a hundred dollars for that little picture, if it was on canvas or paper, and it's only four by five inches."

"Indeed" said Duncan, quietly—his employer was much the more pleased of the two; he began to see that he had a wonderful fellow in his service, "to make money for him, and he prize him accordingly; he grew very affable about the case, raising the price, which had not been given, in his own mind.

Duncan took up a bit of ebony and began another piece of work, as if the two were already gone.

The young gentleman examined the amber-satin linings, the silver key and mountings, the costly finishing, finally agreeing to give eight hundred for the case, which was to be sent, the next day, to his rooms at the New York Hotel, when he would give his check for the amount.

"Be sure that you admit of no delay in finishing it," he said; "it is for a young lady, who leaves the very next day, for Newport, and I wish her to receive it to-morrow evening."

"A betrothal present, perhaps?" remarked Duncan, with a smile.

"It may even be so," was the gay answer; "nothing more natural," and the graceful Southerner switched his boot with

"How would you pay me?" suddenly asked Duncan, looking straight in the other's eyes. "In a check on a bank in Baltimore?"

The stranger's eyes fell, but he regained his calmness.

"Oh, as to that, any way you choose. Perhaps you play," he added, in a whisper. "If so, I will stake you five hundred against your ring, to-night, at Pugg's. What say?"

"I do play, sometimes; but not at your game. I shan't part with the ring at any price."

The Southerner turned angrily away. If he wanted a workman's diamond ring, he thought it insolent of the fellow not to let him have it. To have got this jewel for half its real value, and added it to the contents of the dressing-case, would have pleased him much.

"Be certain, sir, to deliver the case tomorrow noon," he said to Mr. Smith, and presently was on his way to the Park.

It may be conjectured from this that Mr. Reginald Randolph, was not discouraged with the rebuff he had received from the young lady whose fortune he had resolved should mend his broken one.

"To storm her" as the cabinet-dealer had metaphorically phrased it, with costly gifts and persistent attentions, paid in such a way that she could not entirely reject them, must ultimately bring her to terms. Whether these presents were ever paid for, must be the look-out of those from whom he obtained them. His credit was good, for he boarded at the New York Hotel, and was always expecting remittances from the South.

Mr. Smith had followed his valuable customer to the door, and Duncan was left with his work before him. Now that the gentleman was out of sight, some strong passion, which he had repressed until his slender hands were in a quiver, took a more violent expression. He paced back and forth through his little shop, like a caged panther, muttering:

"If he had stayed one minute longer, I believe I should have shaken him to pieces."

When he had partially worked down his excitement, he sat on the high stool before his table, and drew the box toward him, leaning his head on his hand, and gazing at the little picture on the lid.

"Who would have thought the box would have fallen into her hands? She has the first little sketch of this picture. It was made on the day of that excursion. She admired it, and would have it. Poor Ward Tunnecliffe! How happy he was that day. He did not foresee what a year would bring forth. How proud he was of the preference of that young girl—and how modestly she betrayed it! He felt himself a better man on account of it, I dare say. It was a proof of his own nobility that she should favor him! Oh, yes! What a pity that he can not see what a high-minded suitor she has chosen, as soon as he was out of the way. It would increase the evidence of her fine intuitions in such matters! Poor Ward! 'Whom the gods love die young'—or kill themselves. It would be bad for him to return, were such a thing possible, to this world, which he leaped out of so readily. Even his golden-haired sister is beginning to emerge, like a mermaid, from her weeds; and his little nephew, his namesake, has quite forgotten him, no doubt. His brother don't need him in the kind of business he is going into, and his lady-love—ay, there's the rub! Stay where you are, Ward Tunnecliffe, and ask no questions of the last arrival from our little earth. The circles have closed over your head, and were you to come back, you would have to look about for another sphere of action. Yes, yes! yours was the true wisdom. I will doubt it no more."

With this he shook off whatever of his late mood still lingered, took up his dainty tools, whistling softly a gay little tune.

"I've half a mind to put Ward's initials in a corner of the picture, just to give her a little pleasant surprise," he whispered, presently.

"But why should I prick a fashionable woman's conscience, even with a pin?"

It is made of vulcanized rubber, and is quite insensible. Let her mate with whom she will! 'Birds of a feather flock together.'

An hour later, the dressing-case was quite complete. He turned the tiny key in the lock, and pushed it away from him with a bitter smile.

"She won't keep it long, after that letter which wassent her—at least, if she has common prudence. I suppose I ought not to have meddled; but I could not see her going to utter destruction. She might have married a fool, in welcome; but I could not—quite—let her rush into such trouble without warning. The responsibility is off my shoulders, now. Nothing to me—I know it. But Ward Tunnecliffe loved her once."

CHAPTER V.

ON THE BEACH.

Mrs. ARNOLD was engrossed in the great duty of seeing that her trunks were properly packed, when a package was brought to her chamber by a servant, who said that it had been delivered by the city express. Taking off the various wrappings, she saw the dressing-case of which the reader has already heard.

"Oh, how beautiful! charmante! That must have come from Monsieur Randolph," cried her maid. "No one else knows how to send such beautiful gifts."

Her mistress did not heed this little excitement; she had been on her knees when she uncovered the box, and she now sat on the floor, holding it in her lap, gazing with a pale face, at the picture on the lid.

"It is the same—the very same! This looks like a French article, and yet it can not be, for the sketch was only taken last fall.

"If you don't object, I'd like to examine that stone you wear. Did you pick it up in Paris? I don't see how you can afford to wear such a ring as that, my man."

"I got it, in the course of my wanderings."

"Stole it, of course," was the mental comment o the young gentleman, while he said aloud: "That's a stone of the first water—really a remarkably fine diamond. It looks well as a solitaire. It would make a beautiful ring with which to bind a lady's faith—eh?" Upon my word, it just suits me. Perhaps you don't know the value of it. I would willingly give you three hundred dollars for it."

"It's not for sale."

"But three hundred dollars is quite a sum, my friend. You might furnish up a little cottage for it."



GENEVIEVE'S WISH.

Maud Arnold's Trial:

OR,

THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT,"

"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

BAUBLE.

DAVID DUNCAN was busy in his little private work-rooms, putting the finishing touches to a lady's dressing-case. It was a neat and elaborate article, and he bent over it as affectionately as an artist over his picture, or a mother over her baby. No prettier toy of the kind could have been found in Paris or Geneva. A knock at his door interrupted him; one of the partners of the firm, Mr. Smith, came in, followed by a gentleman, the sight of whom caused the workman a momentary shock. Involuntarily he pulled his straw hat further down on his forehead.

"Have you finished that dressing-case, Duncan?"

It was Aubrey Phillips' voice.

"Only to tell Isabel how delighted I am that *that other homely, sickly* little thing has found a rival that can beat her! Conscience, Aubrey, when I contrast her and this splendid Isabel, I wonder how you?"

"Sh!" answered Aubrey, and Genevieve heard his pen go scratching over the paper.

Then, they went out again, carrying the letter with them, and Genevieve opened the closed door, looking as if she were dying.

Was he coming to give her up?—no, hardly that, for he was too courteous to do that,

"I do not agree with you," said Maud, almost sharply. "Why should Mr. Randolph send me anything so costly? You talk too much about him, Marie."

Marie shrugged her shoulders, and was not convinced.

Maud really had no idea that it came from the man whom she had rejected and made angry not forty-eight hours before. She had smiled at the recollection of his parting threat, that he would not give her up—and then the picture! She could not help feeling that there was some mystery about the picture; a mystery which touched her inmost feelings, and made her fingers tremble, and her cheek pale, for it reminded her of the past in a vivid manner.

Who could have known that she had that sketch? Ah! it must have been Mrs. Bowen. She had shown it to her; they had admired it together. Perhaps Mrs. Bowen had come across this box, and had sent it as a cruel reminder. But Susie was not able to indulge in such costly reminiscences, even had there been a motive. Still, it might just be possible that she had owned this box, among the hundreds of expensive trifles with which her house had been filled, and that her brother had painted this picture on the cover, for he sometimes used the brush as well as the pencil; and that, knowing how much Maud liked the original, she had sent it to her to show her that she was not affected by the alienation which had taken place between the families.

"Poor Susie—dear Susie," murmured Maud, while the tears began to flow; "she was always an affectionate, forgiving little thing, if she was such a butterfly. I ought to have gone to her, in her misfortune, despite of father's command. Yet, if she knew all, she would have shuddered to meet me—she would have blamed me for helping drive him to death. I thought she was in Philadelphia. If she has returned, I would go to her at once, if I could obtain her address."

Mr. Reginald Randolph would never have put his eight hundred dollars to so poor a use, could he have guessed the memories it stirred in Maud, or the source to which she attributed the gift. Afraid to send his name with it, knowing that it would be instantly returned, should he do so, and yet intending, when his plans were further developed, during his visit to Newport, to allow it to be suspected whence it came, he had ventured upon the present—not feeling the risk so great, since the toy was not paid for, and the dealer had received, instead of his check, only a promise to pay at thirty days.

But when he quietly persisted in renewing his attentions, she began to doubt if she had acted with discretion. She resolved to place the note in her father's hands, and let him make such use of it as he thought best. More from preoccupation than any thing else, this step she delayed from day to day.

In the mean time, she was much envied the attentions of the southern millionaire, and much wondered at for the coldness with which she received them.

"Don't think it necessary to be chilling in order to keep me at the freezing-point," he had said to her once. "I take back the rash speech I made on that evening, when I was so stung by disappointments as hardly to know what I was saying. I withdraw all pretensions; but I do not wish to be marked out from the list of your friends. Treat me as you do others for whom you care nothing, yet who have the pleasure of being upon the roll of honor."

Maud received the explanation politely, ignored the past, and treated him precisely as she did all others in her train.

"We will not finish packing, to-night, if Miss Arnold sits so long with her pretty box," said Marie, at last, who had been silenced at the sight of Maud's tears, but could no longer restrain her impatience at not being able to examine the inside furnishings.

"There is the largest trunk not yet begun—and we must find room for the dressing-case. It was fortunate to arrive before the trunk was filled."

"Yes, we must take this," replied the mistress; and so the gift was retained, and the hopes of the sender revived.

The Arnolds were to leave by the Sound steamer, on the following evening. Maud had part of a day before her in which to endeavor to find if Mrs. Bowen was in the city; but she was unsuccessful in her efforts, and went away resolved, as soon as she was settled in Newport, to write dear Susie a long letter.

Poor Susie! She had been a belle in Newport, the previous season. How it called it back to Maud, as if it were yesterday, instead of a year ago, when she found herself at the same hotel, occupying the same rooms to which those of Mrs. Bowen had been opposite. Then, she had just begun to think that she loved Susie's brother; then, the sweetness of a first timidly-cherished dream was upon her, giving a charm to every thing, even to the vulgarity and folly of fashionable dissipation. Now, all was so cold and gloomy; the women were so foolish and the men so insignificant; "her doll was stuffed with sawdust," certainly; for Maud's feelings were like ashes.

Every day made the crowd more repulsive to her; there were plenty of pleasant, intelligent friends about her; but she did not like to dance, nor to entertain the young men who always gathered about her, like bees about a rose. She saw married women, like Susie Bowen, living only to dress and be admired by a promiscuous assembly; and she judged them much more harshly than she had the gay sister of the man she loved. Darling Susie! She, at least, had always looked innocent, with her fair child-face, and girlish gracefulness. The men used to swear they believed Bowen had brought her from the depths of ocean, with her pink cheeks and glittering hair; and, laughing at the fancy, the pretty sprite took more than ever to pearls and sea-weed and sheer draperies of silver or emerald. There was something true to her nature and looks, in the innocent vanities of Mrs. Bowen; but these silly creatures, upon whom Maud now looked down with chiding eyes, had no such excuse for their follies.

Newport was dreary to Maud; yet it

was haunted by a charm which kept her there, and prevented her parents from seeing how great the change in her really was. The shadow of past happiness dwelt there, glancing at her from balcony and ball-room—from the sunny beach and the eternal waves, whose faces, at least, had not changed.

The sight of the water was awful to her. She never looked upon it but that she saw Ward's dead face flashing beneath its surface; yet, for that reason, it had a fearful fascination. To seek out some secluded spot along the sands, and to persuade her friends to leave her there, while they amused themselves, near at hand, with gay company, was an almost daily resource with her. There the book would slip from her idle hands, and she would fix her eyes upon the sliding waves which came whispering to her feet, seeing visions of which none but herself guessed. It was a dangerous indulgence, calculated to undermine her health, physical or mental; her father would have snatched her from it, had he been aware of it; but, as it was, he was glad to see her surrounded by new influences, and to deceive himself by declaring that she was getting back her flesh and color.

When they had been a fortnight at Newport, Mr. Randolph arrived, stopping at the same hotel. Doubtless, he would have preferred Saratoga, as far as his own tastes were concerned, had not Miss Arnold been at Newport; and there was abundance of employment for his talent at this place, if not as much as at its rival.

Maud had never shown her friend the anonymous note she had received, placing her on her guard with the Southerner. In the first place, having already settled matters with him, as far as their present relations were concerned, she was too indifferent to have the truth of the letter investigated; then, she had a dislike to gossip, thinking people might find out Mr. Randolph for themselves; thirdly, she had a singular feeling about the letter, which made her averse to showing it.

But when he quietly persisted in renewing his attentions, she began to doubt if she had acted with discretion. She resolved to place the note in her father's hands, and let him make such use of it as he thought best. More from preoccupation than any thing else, this step she delayed from day to day.

In the mean time, she was much envied the attentions of the southern millionaire, and much wondered at for the coldness with which she received them.

"Come, George," she said to a boy of sixteen, son of a relative, "you are not going in the water. Let us get further away from this, where we can enjoy the society of old ocean, without seeing his white beard pulled by these irreverent frolickers. I have a book which you will like. You may read, and I will think."

"You do too much of that, cousin Maud, I'm sure," replied the youth, very ready to go with her—for he was just at the age to worship some lovely woman, preparatory to a real falling-in-love with somebody else—and in his eyes, Maud was the incarnation of feminine perfections—beautiful, stylish, good, marvelous in all that she did, said, or suffered.

"I am honored in being selected as your escort," he continued, as they strolled along. "The first thing I know, Mr. Randolph will be jealous of me. It's cruel of you to go off, and he, helpless in his bathing-suit, not able to run after you. He was cutting all those wonderful pigeon-wings in the water on purpose to excite your admiration. If I were a little older, I should feel ticklish about exciting his jealousy."

He has such wicked eyes—I should expect on dark nights to feel him creeping behind me, with something in his hand as sharp as his eyes."

Maud laughed in an amused manner; then, said more gravely:

"Hush, George; don't say such things even in jest. Fortunately you are not any older, and you are my cousin, so you are safe. And please don't tease me about Mr. Randolph. It's tiresome enough to have everybody else doing it. He is very disagreeable to me, and I'd like to leave him behind when I've company that suits as his eyes."

Maud's breath played over her cheek, his glowing, dark eyes shone into hers with a softness she had not believed them capable of; she felt the influence of his will and passion unstringing her nerves, but not shaking her resolve; when she found that she could not release her hand, she did not descend to struggle.

"Mr. Randolph, you might spare yourself and me all this pain. I do not and cannot love you, and never will; and without love, I would not marry you if you owned the whole State of Maryland. I do not intend to marry—you, nor any one else," she added, thinking this, perhaps, might soften the blow.

He would not be refused; he said all that his eloquence was master of to induce her to yield some shadow of a promise.

"You hurt my hand," she said, at last.

"I will be obliged to call my cousin."

Then he got angry, again, as he had done at first; his cheek grew sallow, and his eyes were like coals; but he released her hand.

"I will not be thwarted; I will have my revenge. Why do you find me so unbearable? I am not generally so detested by the ladies. Has any one been slandering me to you?" he asked.

"The simple truth is as I have told it, sir. I do not love you. However, I have heard," she continued, looking him in the eyes, for she was indignant at his persistence, "that you are the nephew, not the son, of the gentleman you represent as your father. Do you think it honorable, Mr. Randolph, to deceive my parents in a matter of this kind? I have said nothing of my knowledge, as I have no desire to harm you; but you must see how little chance you stand to change my opinion."

The boy looked earnestly into his companion's face, which wore an eager, anxious look, and those sweet, loving eyes had an expression which filled him with awe. He was troubled and embarrassed, but he had plenty of courage, and answered, decidedly:

"I might fancy that he was behind me, when he was not; or, if he were there, I might feel him through the influence of

personal magnetism, although I did not hear or see him. When you go into a dark room, can you not always tell whether it is vacant or not? I can."

"Yes, but the dead, George! Did you ever see the dead?—plainly, as I see you now?"

"Don't look at me that way, cousin Maud, or I shall think you are a ghost, and run away from you. Oh, dear, I hope you are not getting to be one of those spiritualists."

"Why do you 'hope' so?"

"Well, I don't know. Only I've always thought you so sensible, for a woman. And it seems a sort of weakness."

He was much relieved by the smile which brightened her face, driving out that far-away, pallid look.

"Thank you, for your good opinion."

"Sensible for a woman?"—eh? Now, I always thought we were the most sensible half of creation; but perhaps the boys think otherwise. Well, perhaps it is a weakness, to believe in any thing we can not touch or taste. Yet, it appears to me, that all religious feeling is founded in our perception of a spiritual state of which we have no actual proof. However, George, don't be alarmed. I will keep it to myself. I don't like to mortify my fashionable friends. Have you read Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'?"

"Not yet."

"I have it here. You like Tennyson, I have heard you say. There is no place so charming for enjoying true poetry as to read it within hearing of the grand rhythm of the sea. Here is a rock with the sun-shine on it. Sit you down with your book, and be happy. I have another for my own reading. If you grow tired before I do, call me."

She began to walk toward her cousin; she did not wish to call him; for she knew that "a scene" at a watering-place like that, would be very disagreeable and mortifying. She was not at all alarmed; but she felt annoyed beyond expression, and resolved to tell her father at once what sort of a gentleman Mr. Randolph was; she would awaken George, and return.

"You first humble me, and then laugh at me."

The grasp on her arm was not a playful one; a dark face confronted her.

"I will drown you," he said; "nobody else shall have you. I will send you to find your lover. He liked the water so well, let us see how you take to it."

"George!" she cried, for she saw now that he was in earnest; "George! George, come to me."

Even then she would not shriek any louder than might answer to awaken her cousin. A woman's pride is as strong as death. Maud would, perhaps, rather have died, than have had the curious, gossipy crowd running to her rescue, and been obliged to explain the nature of her danger. His hand was over her mouth.

"I can drown you, and no one will be the wiser for it," he continued, drawing her toward the surf. "I will drag you out, for I am a good swimmer. They will say that you, too, killed yourself, because you would awaken George set the fashion."

Maud could not speak; but just then she ceased to struggle, and pointed with her finger toward the bay. There was something in her look which made Randolph, whose back was then toward the water, turn around. A small row-boat had shot out from some unseen cove, or had been gaining way from some greater distance. When he had looked before attempting his desperate exploit, nothing was in sight. Now the boat was not twenty rods away; its single occupant was bending to his oars with all his strength, and his eyes were fixed directly upon them. Randolph released his hold.

"Do you not see? It is he!" cried Maud, in an awe-struck whisper. "I have seen him before."

She forgot about her danger, about the man by her side, who said, with a forced laugh:

"I was playing, Miss Arnold." I only wanted to frighten you," and sauntered off behind the rocks until hidden from sight, when he walked away rather more swiftly than was consistent with dignity. Maud was unconscious of this by-play; she gazed at the boatman, who was now quite near to shore, and who arose in the boat to keep it off the beach with his oar. Since there was no need of his assistance it seemed as if he had changed his mind about landing.

"Ward!" cried Maud, stretching out her arms to him.

The man, a tall fellow, in the regular sailor garb, stared at her as if she were a lunatic, pushed his boat back, and began paddling away.

"Ward!" she called again, in a voice like a shriek, and as the little boat darted off in the sunshine, she fell upon the sand.

That cry of love and despair aroused the boy; he would not believe that he had actually fallen asleep over the "Idylls"; but he saw his cousin sink, and sprung to her assistance.

"What is it, dear Maud? Pray what is the matter? Are you ill?" he asked, when he had dashed her well with salt spray, and she was sitting up on the beach.

"I shall be well in a moment, George. But tell me, truly, as you value your soul, did you see any one in a boat, and if you did, who was it?"

"I saw a sailor rowing away, when I ran to you. He was a darkish fellow—a stranger. Was it that fellow who frightened you? I would shoot him, if I had him here."

"No, George, he did not frighten me. But I saw some one whom I have seen before. Come, let us go home. And do not say any thing to mother about my being ill. I shall get over it, presently."

She had the nerve to walk back to her hotel without any appearance of the scene she had passed through, exchanging salutations with her friends by the way; but when she reached her room, instead of dressing for luncheon, she was glad to shut the blinds, and rest herself in the cool darkness.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 36.)

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Stranded.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

The summer sun was sinking in a blaze of scarlet and gold behind the verdure-crowned hills of Staten Island, as the pretty schooner Ariel, wafted by the welcome evening breeze that had just sprung up, sped swiftly through the Narrows, and stood out to sea.

The Ariel was but a small vessel, two hundred tons, or thereabouts. She belonged to her captain, a tall, sun-bronzed man, whose beard was already silvered by the hand of Time, but whose powerful physique showed yet no signs of decay. She carried a crew of five able seamen; a mulatto who held the double position of cook and steward; I, myself, was aboard in the capacity of mate; and last, but by no means least, she carried one passenger.

Perhaps I err in classifying Miss Inez Shelton as a passenger, for she was our captain's daughter, and had invariably accompanied him on his voyages ever since the demise of her mother. A pleasing sample of the intellectual American girl was Inez. The magic chisel of Hiram Powers could not delineate a figure more graceful than was hers, the fairest rose that ever bloomed in the gardens of the East would have envied her her delicate complexion. Over her sloping shoulders, a fleece of golden locks gleamed like a sun-lighted cascade, and her smile would have thawed the blood in the frigid veins of the most austere ascetic that ever existed. Well might her father be proud of his darling, for she was to him a jewel beyond all price. I could not fail to admire such a peerless creature; though never very susceptible, or addicted to feeling sentimental, I soon found that she had won possession of my heart, and I cursed fortune for having ordained me a rough, untutored mariner, who could not dare aspire to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Miss Shelton was kind and courteous to me—it was not in her nature to be otherwise to any one—and many a night-watch did she make gladsome, by favoring me with her genial company, which would have been otherwise dreary and tedious.

The Ariel was bound to Jamaica. For the first few days she made rapid progress, but then the breeze fell light, dwindled gradually away, and left her idly becalmed for many weary weeks, there not being sufficient air to distend the snowy canvas pensile from her gaffs and stays, or to ripple the swelling, silvery bosom of the glittering sea. August was far advanced ere we reached the Bahamas, and as it became apparent that our supply of water would not last us to Jamaica, if we made equally slow progress during the remainder of the passage, Captain Shelton determined to touch at one of the numerous islets, which form the group we were near, and there replenish our stock.

The one he selected was Mariguana, an island of coral formation, low, and but scantily covered with soil, but possessing several small lakes, the waters of which are pure and wholesome. One sultry afternoon we dropped anchor about two miles distant from its coral strand, and hoisted out our two boats in order to tow the water-casks ashore. I had been ailing for the past few days—not being well accustomed to the calid temperature of the tropics, I felt the effects of change of climate—so our kindly skipper directed me to remain with his daughter and the steward, aboard the Ariel, while he took charge of the boats, and superintended the operation of procuring water. Towing casks through even the most smooth and tideless sea is terribly laborious work, and I soon perceived by the slow progress toward the shore my shipmates made, that some hours would elapse ere their mission was accomplished, and they returned to the vessel.

I was leaning over the starboard rail, intently watching, by the aid of a telescope, the movements of the boats, when the sudden flapping of the sails overhead attracted my attention. Then I noticed, for the first time, a small white cloud, scarcely bigger than a man's hand, driving swiftly across the turquoise sky toward us. I knew what it prognosticated. I knew it to be the harbinger of one of those terrible tornados which are universally dreaded throughout the West Indies. I called Pedro, the steward, to aid me, and immediately lowered the main and fore-sails, and hauled down the stay-sails and "flying-kites," which had been left hoisted, as there was scarcely a breath of air to fill them when we anchored. We had hardly succeeded in securing them, when a gust of tremendous violence swept past, sending the spray in a blinding sheet across our deck, and causing the Ariel to swiftly swing head to wind and tauten her cable to the utmost tension. The mercury in the barometer had fallen considerably, and dark cloud-banks to windward warned me that the worst was yet to come. Great waves were now bursting under our bows, and the wind whistled wildly through the tightly-strained cordage. I feared that one anchor would not hold the vessel, so Pedro and I endeavored to get the other cock-billed and ready for letting go. While we were so engaged, Miss Shelton came on deck, her face pallid, and anxiety visible in her lustrous eyes.

"Has papa landed yet, Mr. Carter? Those two small boats can never live in such a sea as this, and they will be swamped." Inez and I were now alone. I will not attempt to describe our sufferings, for, even at this hour, I shudder when I think of them; but still there was one bright spot—an oasis in the desert of our misery—to which I must revert. In the midst of that bitter trial, when death in its most hideous form stared us in the face, I learned that my darling loved me—heard from her own sweet lips that I had long held place in her heart. Ah! how fervently did I pray for deliverance then!

It came at last. Weak and emaciated

ed if they attempt to put off to us," she cried, in tremulous tones—dear girl, it was for her father's safety she was most concerned.

"He's all right, Miss Inez, you may rest assured. I guess he reached the land before this storm came on." I should have added more to allay her fears, but before I could give utterance to another word, the cable by which the Ariel was riding snapped near the hawse-hole, and a huge wave broke against her bow, and in another instant the pretty vessel was at the mercy of the waves. With inconceivable rapidity, the steward and I close-refeeded the forestay-sail and hoisted it, in order to keep the schooner out of the trough of the sea. We had some difficulty in trimming the sheet, but at last we got it hauled in, and the lively craft sprung over the raging billows that sought her annihilation. I knew that if she drove ashore we should all inevitably perish, so I took the helm, and, by skillful steering, managed to let her head-reach seaward. Each instant the storm increased in violence; wild, angry waves leaped foaming on our deck, or burst and broke against the quivering side of our frail vessel, that struggled manfully on, though her taper mast bent like willow wands, and the sails blew from the gaskets, and, ere we could secure them, were torn to shreds and borne down to leeward upon the wings of the wind.

I fully expected that the storm-stay-sail set forward would succumb to the fury of the blast and leave us a helpless prey to the devouring surges; but it stood bravely throughout the night—ah! what a night of anxiety we all passed!—and when the morrow's sun rose red above the horizon, the gale had subsided, and only the frothy sea continued to strive against us.

Of course I was unable to determine the position of the Ariel until I could obtain the altitude of the sun at meridian; but I took an observation at eight o'clock, and then, as I was thoroughly worn out by my exertions during the past eighteen hours, I allowed Miss Shelton, who had obtained some rest during the past night, to persuade me to snatch a little sleep, she promising to steer the vessel, keep the look-out, and call Pedro and I shortly before noon.

I was peacefully sleeping; in my vision I sat beside dear Inez and toyed with her golden locks as I listened to loving words which, falling from her cherry lips, charmed my ears like fairy music. A noise, resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, startled me from repose; as I ran hastily upon deck I felt the vessel quiver from stem to stern, then reel heavily, and finally fall upon her side.

Inez was clinging to the wheel, amazement depicted on her lovely face. "Oh! what can be the matter, Mr. Carter? I've been steering so carefully, and exactly as you directed me," she cried.

"It's not your fault. We have struck on a hidden reef, but, if it is ebb tide now, we shall get off to the flood, as fortunately for us, there is but little sea on now," I replied, as I flung the hand-lead over the side and found, to my dismay, the water had risen to be barely a fathom deep.

"No, I know'd Ben's cabin was burnt, but I never heard how," was the reply.

"Well, I will tell you. It was the immediate cause of the loss of our friend's little ranche, but it was so Ben never blamed me for it. On the contrary it was himself who saved me from a roasting."

"You know, you do, Ned, that Ben had located in a snug little valley right on the left bank of Snake river, the hut standing about fifteen paces from the water's edge, where there was a bluff, something like ten feet or more high.

"The cabin was pretty well concealed in a clump of small timber, and so far had escaped the eyes of the Sioux.

"One morning I went over to look at some traps, three or four miles distant, in a small creek, while Ben put off to try and get some fresh meat, as the larder was getting low.

"I had worked pretty well over the ground where the traps lay, I think I had one more to visit, when all at once I heard the Sioux war-whoop, and felt half a dozen arrows whiz past my head.

"They were not more than forty yards distant, ten or a dozen of them, when I started on the run for the cabin, and you better believe the race was a close one. I gained on them gradually, however, and made the cabin in time to shut and bar the door, and get to a loop-hole as they were charging down the slope of the southern hill.

"I dropped one of them in his tracks; the rest scattered and treed, and began a regular systematic siege that I knew would end in their burning the cabin over my head. I managed to keep them off as long as daylight lasted, but when it came on to dark, I knew the game was up. I also knew that Ben must have returned, and seeing the condition of affairs, was lying off in the brush waiting to help me if a chance offered.

"As it grew fully dark, I could hear the imps at work in two or three different places, piling up brushwood against the but preparatory to applying the torch.

"It's no use to say I wasn't scared, for I was, and badly, too. A rush from the door was my only chance, and I did not consider that as very likely to lead to any good results. I would as certainly be shot down or tomahawked as I would be roasted alive if I remained within.

"I managed to kill one more of them as they were setting the dry timber afire, but that being accomplished they withdrew to cover, and waited for me to be smoked out.

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ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

This virgin page is clean and white
And pure as maiden's thought,
Fit tablet whereupon to write
Some psalm from angels caught:
On this some lover well might trace
With trembling hand the words
That turn to perfect melodies
Upon love's tenderest chords.

This page I'll not soil with an ode,
Addressed to bats and owls,
Nor make it bear a heavy load
Of verse unto fowls;
Nor blot it with a ballad on
A dish of decent hash,
Nor spoil it with a wall upon
The scarcity of cash.

Nor would I condescend to dare
To seize a pen to write
Upon this page so very fair
The pleasures of a fight.
Nor use Spencian penmanship,
Upon its face to show
How too much cake can give a grip
The Masons hardly know.

But stop! what am I doing here!
Since I have come to think,
I find I've got this page so fair
All covered o'er with ink.
Oh, sentiment with idle wings,
What dost thou lead one to?
See here, I've done the very things
I said I would not do!

Playing for a Legacy.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was the night of the first of November, 18—, and three young men were seated in a richly-appointed apartment directly over a reading-room in one of our great eastern cities.

They were fashionably dressed and sported conspicuous gold chains and large diamond pins. To a good physiognomist the characters of the trio were easily traceable. They were blacklegs, who gambled for a livelihood, and made a good living by the nefarious occupation. But they had not assembled in that room to have a social three-handed game; they were going to plot a game by which they expected to amass thousands, and wreck one, if not two hearts on the shoals of misery.

"Read that advertisement again, Duke," said one of the young men, glancing at Duke Burtchamp, who held a late daily in his hand.

"With pleasure, sir, Mr. Andre Dunbar," replied the gambler, and the next minute he was reading:

"INFORMATION WANTED.—Information is wanted at this office, of Riley Tyler, of Shropshire, county of Kent, England. He is supposed to reside in the State of New York, U.S. He, or those knowing aught of his present whereabouts, will please address the underwriters,

KENT & SUFFOLK.
Solicitors, No. 28 Ambrose Lane, London.

"It is as plain as the nose on a man's face," said the third gambler, Novis Parker, when Duke had finished. "The man they want can be none other than our old Riley Tyler, the cartman. He is an Englishman, and I heard him say one night that he was a Kent man. Yes, boys, the bag is in our hands, and we must pull the strings properly. You can see by that 'ad' as pressmen say, that a legacy has been left old Tyler, and you may be sure that it runs up into the thousands, for those foreign legacies do not end in pauper hundreds. We must circumvent old Riley, and get that pile of *semas* for ourselves."

"The old fellow must be disposed of somehow," said Duke; "but we must not kill him. What do you propose, boys?"

"We must get him into the madhouse," said Dunbar.

"The very place!" cried the others, simultaneously, and Duke Burtchamp rose and went to a cupboard.

Opening the doors the gambler drew forth a bottle of sparkling claret, and three chased goblets which he placed on the oval table. Then breaking off the neck of the bottle in true English fashion, he filled the goblets to the brim, and slid them across the table to his companions.

"Here's to the success of our plans," he said, raising his glass.

The next instant the goblets touched polished lips, and the next they were returned empty to the table.

"Now, boys, we'll adjourn until to-morrow night, at nine," said Burtchamp, rising and replacing the goblets and bottle in the cupboard. "We must not let this golden opportunity slip through our fingers. Old Tyler's money must be ours. I care not if it breaks Olive's heart."

"Olive's ha, ha, ha!" laughed Novis Parker, and then the trio left the room.

"Father, do come home early to-day," said Olive Tyler, one morning, three days after the event related above. "The weather is real chilly, and you are dressed very thin. Now please keep away from Aaron Coole's, and come home early."

"I will try and do both, Olive," returned Riley Tyler, striking his cowhide boots with his carb-whip.

She saw her father depart, then closed the door and busied herself in clearing away the remains of their frugal morning meal.

Five minutes had not followed the cartman's departure, when a rap sounded on the door, and opening it Olive confronted Mr. Duke Burtchamp, the gambler.

He bowed her a good-morning without smiling, and stepped across the threshold at her bidding.

"Olive," he said, "you know what I told you night before last?"

"About father?—yes."

"I am deeply pained to communicate that my worst suspicions are confirmed. Yesterday, at my request, one of the best physicians examined your father and pronounced him insane. His insanity is of such a nature, too, that, at any moment, he may take human life. The doctor pronounced his a curable case, and recommended his immediate incarceration in the proper asylum. I came to tell you, Olive, that I shall have him conveyed thither today. The best care shall be taken of him, and you shall not want for anything during his, I trust, short absence."

Thus spoke the gambler, and the tears rushed into Olive's eyes.

"Can I not go with him, Mr. Burtchamp?"

she cried, "I would nurse him, and see him regain his reason."

"Tis impossible, Olive," answered Burtchamp. "I wish your request could be complied with. Do not grieve over the present, but look ahead to a bright future. For, believe me, your father will emerge from the asylum a new man, and his desire for strong drink will have been conquered."

He rose to his feet and stepped toward the door. With his hand on the latch he uttered more consoling words, and then took his departure.

In a certain free-and-easy saloon, half an hour later, he joined his two companions. "I broke the news to her gently, boys," he said, laughing, "and she thinks that it is all right. Now, Novis, go and hunt Tyler up, take him to Coole's, and get him a bottle of the fieriest. He'll be raving drunk before he gets four squares. You know the papers are made out. Doctor Watkins is a first-rate chap. I half believe that we ought to share equally with him."

Novis Parker left the saloon, and found the gamblers' victim seated on a load of coal.

Already he had ingratiated himself with the cartman, and now it did not take much coaxing to persuade him to accompany him to Aaron Coole's sink of iniquity, where he purchased a bottle of liquor for his victim.

Then he left Tyler, and his associate in the hellish plot appeared on the scene. It was Andre Dunbar.

From the door of a store he saw Tyler attest his love for the liquid poison by draining the bottle while seated on the cart, when he fell off into the gutter. Rising with the aid of a lamp-post, the drunkard staggered over the walk, and there raved as only an intoxicated man can.

But few people witnessed this scene, and was it not a suspicious part of the city, and well suited to the gamblers' game?

Presently Dunbar left his position, and ran to where the Englishman lay. His hat lay in the gutter, his whip on the curbstone, and the liquorless bottle on the pavement. The gambler raised the drunkard on his knees, and hailed a passing carriage. After some conference with the driver the carriage drove away to the Insane Asylum, and after a long drive the dread place was reached.

Armed with Doctor Watkins' certificate of Tyler's insanity, he gained admittance of the asylum.

The young man refused to obey.

"I shall go when it suits me," he said.

"I know you, Duke Burtchamp. Are you

fool enough to think that you will cheat Riley Tyler out of his legacy?"

"What!" cried the gambler, flushing with ungovernable rage. "Dare you accuse me of cheating?"

"I do," was the physician's calm reply.

"Thus I punish insulters and defamers!" cried Burtchamp, and with uplifted cane he sprang upon young Morgan.

The doctor received the blow upon his left arm, while his right shot out from the shout-

young doctor, the Englishman became convinced of the gamblers' duplicity. A word with the officers of the institution gave them an insight into the plot, and they promised to release Tyler at any time.

Bidding him remain in the mad-house, as a lunatic, Yardley Morgan left his friend, determined to bring the trio of villains to justice.

Olive Tyler really loved Duke Burtchamp, the gambler.

She did not know his dark character, and believed that he loved her in return, with a holy passion. Since her father's incarceration in the mad-house, he had supplied her wants with money won over the green cloth.

Immediately after their success, the gamblers addressed a letter to Kent & Suffolk, claiming that the writer was Riley Tyler, the nephew of Lincoln Tyler, of Kent.

They did not think of failure; did not dream of anything but success.

Yardley Morgan's first action, after interviewing Tyler, was to telegraph to Kent & Suffolk the existing state of affairs, regarding the man they wanted. The solicitors answered by cable that the gamblers should not be heard.

Then Morgan went to the cartman's humble dwelling, and denounced Duke Burtchamp as a villain of the deepest dye.

It was some time before Olive believed his declarations; but at last she did, and told her that the villains' plot should not succeed.

Had scarcely ceased when Duke Burtchamp entered the room. Of late he had been entering the house without knocking.

It was evident, to both Olive and the young physician, that the gamester was in ill humor; and his first words were an order to Morgan to quit the house.

The young man refused to obey.

"I shall go when it suits me," he said.

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"Oh! ye war wrong, war ye? Yes, I reckon yo war! But about that hog-killin'."

"Yer see the old man had a powerful lot uv beech lands, bottoms they war called, an' he took to raisin' hogs in the mast, fer ye see it didn't cost a cent to do it, an' thar war enough to fatten all the hogs in the country."

"It war as wild a section uv land as ever ye see, an' when the shoats war turned loose onto it, that they war left until they got big enough an' fat enough to kill fer pork. In course the critters got es wild es turkeys, an' es savagorous es a lot uv hungry painters, so when the work uv drivin' em into the big pen kin round, the hull neighborhood gathered to help an' see the fun."

"But twarn't no play, boyees, I tell ye it warn't. An' thar's meny a chap livin' this day, what kin show the task marks on his legs uv them're same hogs."

"Well, this winter es I am a-speakin' on, the drove war bigger'n usual, an' it war a sight uv trouble to git the pesky things into the pen, but it war done at last, an' the next mornin' the killin' commenced."

"Yer see the way it war managed war this; one uv us handled the rifle, an' would knock the critter over, an' then two men would run up, an' stick an' drag him outside whar the scaldin'-trough stood."

"Well, es luck would hav it, it fell onto me to do the shootin' this day, an' for awhile I got along fast-rate, never made a single miss, an' k'ndly I gathered myself up in a tub, and advanced bravely again, under such a strong kitchen fire that I really thought I would soon be done, but the besieged saw that it was all over to hold out against me and surrendered. Think of it, I commanded a company of six miles, and I once charged the enemy and drove them twenty-eight miles—I have never been right certain in my mind whether it was the mules I drove or the enemy, but it was one of them. Once, another fellow and I were sent to capture a fort, we approached and demanded a surrender, when they opened on us with grape, canister, and log-chains, and my comrade retreated in twenty-eight parts. 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